

HOME, SWEET HOME.

The Magic of Music Illustrated by a Reminiscence of John Howard Payne.

John Howard Payne was a warm personal friend of John Ross, who will be remembered as a celebrated chief of the Cherokees. At the time the Cherokees were removed from their homes in Georgia to their present possessions, west of the Mississippi river, Payne was spending a few weeks in Georgia with Ross, who was occupying a miserable cabin, having been forcibly ejected from his former home. A number of prominent Cherokees were in prison, and that portion of Georgia in which the tribe was located was scoured by armed squads of the Georgia militia, who had orders to arrest all who refused to leave the country.

While Ross and Payne were seated before the fire in the hut, the door was suddenly burst open and six or eight militia men sprang into the room. Ross' wife was seated on a trunk containing many valuable papers and a small amount of money, and at the unexpected intrusion she sprang up and screamed wildly. Ross spoke to her in the Cherokee language telling her to be seated, as she would thus save the contents of the trunk, and, as she sat down again, the intruders told Ross that both he and Payne were under arrest, and must prepare to accompany the squad to Milledgeville, where they would be imprisoned. The soldiers lost no time in taking their prisoners away. Ross was permitted to ride on his own horse, while Payne was mounted on one led by a soldier. As the little party left the hovel rain began falling and continued until every man was drenched thoroughly. The journey lasted all night. Toward midnight Payne's escort, in order to keep himself awake, began humming: "Home—home—sweet—sweet—home," when Payne remarked: "Little did I expect to hear that song under such circumstances and at such a time. Do you know the author?"

"No," said the soldier, "do you?"

"Yes," Payne answered; "I composed it."

"The devil you did! You can tell that to some fellows, but not to me. Look here, you made that song, you say; if you did—and I know you didn't—you can say it all without stopping. It has something in it about pleasure and palaces. Now pitch in and reel it off; and, if you can't, I'll bounce you from your horse and lead you instead of it."

This threat was answered by Payne, who repeated the song, in a slow, subdued tone, and then sang it, making the old words ring with the tender melody and pathos of the words. It touched the heart of the rough soldier, who was not only captivated but convinced, and who said that the composer of such a song should never go to prison if he could help it. And when the party reached Milledgeville they were, after a preliminary examination, discharged, much to their surprise. Payne insisted it was because the leader of the squad had been under the magnetic influence of Ross' conversation, and Ross insisted that they had been saved from insult and imprisonment by the power of "Home Sweet Home," sung as only those who feel can sing it. The friendship existing between Ross and Payne endured until the grave closed over the mortal remains of the latter.

A HAPPY THOUGHT.

An intimate friend of the late Rev. Dr. J. B. Wakeley tells an amusing anecdote of him, as follows:

The doctor was most inimitable delineator, and fond of a good story. He related to me, with great glee, how he extricated himself once from a most awkward dilemma. Preaching in a Hudson river town on a warm summer afternoon to a congregation of farmers mainly, from the text, "If any man draw back my soul hath no pleasure in him," he inadvertently observed, "My brethren, sheep never fight." Those who were awake looked up at him, and showed by their interest that the minister had never seen two old rams trying to butt each other's brains out. The doctor discovered his mistake as soon as they did, but, not seeing his way out of it, he repeated his statement with greater emphasis. Those of his audience who were awake nudged their sleeping brethren, who, on opening their eyes, looked about to see what had happened. This greatly embarrassed the doctor, and he was now sadly puzzled. He ventured, with still greater emphasis, to repeat the statement, "My brethren, sheep never fight," when luckily he saw his way out, and doubling his fist struck it into the palm of the other hand, adding, with genuine unction, "except they first draw back."—Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine.

A TEXAS boy shot at a rabbit with a rifle. The ball passed through the animal, killed a sheep, struck a stone and glanced 200 yards and buried itself in a negro's leg. What's the use of Dr. Carver trying to shoot?

He was a disgusted boy. He had finally exercised great caution, and had successfully succeeded in creeping, unobserved, under the canvas into the tent. And he found it was not a circus, but a revival meeting in progress!

INFANT FOOD.

There are about twenty European preparations styled infant foods, beginning with that of Nestle, and at least twice as many American, all of which profess to furnish a complete nutrition for the infant during the first few months of its existence, while yet the conversion of starch into dextrine and sugar is beyond the capacity of the untrained digestive function. The examination of these with a microscope, assisted by such simple tests as iodine, which turns starch cells blue, and gluten (or albuminous) granules yellow, has engaged the careful attention of Dr. Ephraim Cutter, of Cambridge, and his results will startle most mothers who have relied upon the extravagant pretenses set forth in the circulars of manufacturers. Eliza McDonough, who preceded Dr. Cutter in this field, has been in a measure discredited; but it appears that her assertion—that the starch, so far from being transformed into dextrine, was not sufficiently altered to render the recognition of its source difficult, whether from wheat, rye, corn or barley—was strictly true, and that these pretentious foods are, without exception, nearly valueless for dietetic purposes. All of them consist of baked flour mainly, either alone or mixed with sugar, milk or salts. In some cases the baking has been very inadequately performed, and the doctor found one that consisted merely of wheat and oats whose starch cells were proximately in their natural condition. The general result of Dr. Cutter's examination may be stated in brief terms as follows: There was scarcely a single one of the so-called infant foods that contained a quantity of gluten as large as that contained in ordinary wheat flour. That is to say, a well-compounded wheat gruel is superior to any of them, particularly when boiled with a little milk; and mothers are in error who place the slightest dependence upon them. As respects one very expensive article, professing to possess 270 parts in every 1,000 of phosphatic salts in connection with gluten, Dr. Cutter was unable to find any gluten at all. The thing was nearly pure starch sold at an exorbitant price as a nerve and brain food, and a great remedy for rickets. So all through the list. Sometimes a trace of gluten was present; more frequently none at all. In one case there were ninety parts of starch to ten of gluten; but this was exceptional, and the majority were less valuable, once for ounce, than ordinary wheat flour. Considering the semi-philanthropic pretensions which have been put forth by the manufacturers of these foods, some of them sustained by the certificates of eminent physicians, the report of Dr. Cutter is one of the dearest comments upon human nature that has recently fallen under the notice of the journalist. But if the revelations he has made of fraud and pretense on the part of manufacturers in this field shall serve to protect mothers from further betrayal, and to rescue infant life from quack articles of nutriment, his work, though giving a tremendous shock to our sensibilities and to our faith in medical certificates, will not have been done in vain.—New York Times.

CASHMERE SHAWLS.

Every one knows that the Cashmere shawls which figure so frequently as wedding presents from the Queen are part of the annual tribute paid by the Maharajah of Cashmere as an acknowledgment of the sovereignty of the Empress of India; but every one does not know in what dens of squalid misery and by what a physically debilitated race these shawls are produced. The agriculturists and boatmen of the delicious valley are physically a fine race—the men robust, the women fair to look upon. But in every shawl-producing village the physique of the wretched workers is painful to observe. Long hours of work, in crowded and ill-ventilated rooms, with poor, nay wretched, pay, have made the shawl-workers of Cashmere mere shadows of men. It is absolutely painful to see their pallid faces and weak, ill-nourished forms; and although the Government of India has moved somewhat to better their condition, it is one of the few sad sights in the "Kashmiribazaar," or the unrivaled Cashmere of the Persian poets.—Trade.

KINGSLLEY'S WELCOME OF LONG-FELLOW.

When Longfellow made his third visit to Great Britain, in 1868, Charles Kingsley published a poem of welcome in the Times, which found an echo in all the literary and artistic circles of the kingdom. To show how much he was admired then we print the little poem as it appeared:

Welcome to England, thou whose strains prolong
The glorious bed-roll of our Saxon song;
Ambassador and Pilgrim-Bard in one,
Fresh from thy home—the home of Washington,
On hearths as sacred as thine own, here stands
The loving welcome that thy name commands;
Hearts swept for thee and garlanded as a shrine
By trailing garments of thy Muse divine,
Poet of Nature and of Nations, know
Thy fair name passes the ocean like a bow,
Born from the rain that falls into each life,
Kindled by dreams with loveliest fancies rife;
A radiant arch that with prismatic dyes
Links the two worlds, its keystone in the skies.

A PRIZE of solid gold, and yet not an inch of gilding, is the way they speak of a paymastership in the army—a position which is accounted among applicants at Washington as one of the most desirable in the public service.

CROSS EXAMINATION.

A Fair Sample of Built-Head Lawyers' Methods.

[From the Boston Transcript.]

Lawyer—"You say you know Mr. Smith?"

Witness—"Yes, sir."

Lawyer—"You swear you know him?"

Witness—"Yes, sir."

Lawyer—"You mean that you are acquainted with him?"

Witness—"Yes, sir, acquainted with him."

Lawyer—"Oh, you don't know him; you are merely acquainted with him. Remember that you are on oath, sir. Now, be careful. You don't mean to tell the court that you know all about Mr. Smith, everything that he ever did?"

Witness—"No, I suppose."

Lawyer—"Never mind what you suppose. Please answer my question. Do you, or do you not, know everything that Mr. Smith ever did?"

Witness—"No, I—"

Lawyer—"That'll do, sir. No, you do not. Very good. So you are not acquainted with him?"

Witness—"Of course."

Lawyer—"Stop there. Are you, or are you not?"

Witness—"No."

Lawyer—"That is to say, you are not so well acquainted with him as you thought you were?"

Witness—"Possibly not."

Lawyer—"Just so. Now we begin to understand each other. If you don't know anything about Mr. Smith's acts when you are not with him, you can't swear that you know him, can you?"

Witness—"If you put it that way?"

Lawyer—"Come, sir; don't seek to evade my question. I'll put it to you again. When you say you know Mr. Smith, you don't mean to say you know everything he does?"

Witness—"No, sir; of course not."

Lawyer—"Just so; of course not. Then you were not quite correct when you said you knew Mr. Smith?"

Witness—"No, sir."

Lawyer—"In point of fact, you don't know Mr. Smith?"

Witness—"No, sir."

Lawyer—"Ah, I thought so. That'll do, sir. You can stand down."

THE AGE OF MIRACLES.

"Do you believe in miracles," Alonzo? Well, we should preach. When a man can sit down in a New York restaurant and have brook trout, spring chicken, venison steak and reed bird served off the same old soup bone, we are ready to take in any miracle you ever saw in print. Believe in miracles? When the American farmer can put a quart of strawberries in a box that won't hold a pint of sand; when almost any coal dealer can make 1,700 weigh a ton; when a common-looking clerk can measure a whole yard at one sweep of a thirty-three inch stick; when a ten-pound block of ice looks small alongside a four-ounce hailstone; when any bar-keeper turns whisky into water before he opens up in the morning; when you can put out a fire with illuminating oil; when you can find a miraculous draught of fishes in the sky-blue milk; when a committee of women at a church fair can make a barrel of soup with one oyster; when—do we believe in miracles, doubting Alonzo? It is an age of miracles. The world is full of miracles, or overrun with rascals. You may accept either interpretation.—Hawkeye.

MATTHEW ARNOLD says: "Sanity—that is the great virtue of the ancient literature; and the want of that is the great defect of the modern, in spite of all its variety and power. It is impossible to read carefully the great ancients without losing something of our caprice and eccentricity, and to emulate them we must at least read them."

A MUSICIAN of foreign birth was recently praised for playing of the piano. He was told that his playing was very neat. At once he flew into a rage because he felt that he was insulted. "I beg your pardon," he exclaimed, "but English-speaking people say 'neat' only of neckties."

YOUNG lady—"My dear Professor, I want to thank you for your lecture. You made it all so plain that I could understand every word." Professor—"I am truly glad you did understand it. I have studied the subject for about thirteen years, and am not clear that I understand it yet."

A CONNECTICUT man has invented a substitute for a spittoon. It is easily picked up, can be slung with more accuracy and will hurt a head quite as much. The spittoon was never well calculated for a projectile, anyhow, and it is amazing that it has so long been in use.

An agricultural writer says: "Hens seldom pay expenses after they are 3 years old." When they are 3, and before losing their teeth, they should be converted into spring chickens and sold to some tough restaurant-keeper.—Picaresque.

BEFORE man made us citizens, great nature made us men.—Lowell.

SCENERY OF UPPER MICHIGAN.

In point of woodland scenery the Michigan wilderness can not compare with the White mountains or the Adirondacks. The great effective feature of height is wanting as the elevation is rarely more than 600 feet above the lake, and the general contour is broken and rolling. The northern shore is much bolder. The forest southwest of Portage lake is more than 100 miles long, and has escaped devastation by forest fires. It extends into Wisconsin, and as far as I went—about fifty miles—consists principally of hard maple. It is capable of supplying the continent with sugar. Until some discoveries of copper are made in it, it will probably remain one of the finest bodies of woodland in the country. There are many lovely little lakes and streams abounding with trout scattered through it. The eastern portion contains many impenetrable swamps overgrown with tamarack and cedar. The western portion of this great forest has less of the savage and forbidding aspect peculiar to northern woods, and is comparatively open. The road to Ontonagon passes through it in one direction, and is barely practicable for uncovered wagons. It is worth enduring a long railroad journey to be able to drive forty miles through trees with the consciousness that you are leaving human habitations farther behind you at every step. The forest is singularly devoid of animal life. Mile after mile is uncheered by a solitary bird. Possibly you may chance on the fresh track of a bear or a deer. If, indeed, you have the endurance to watch for six hours without moving, it may be granted you to see a beaver working on his dam.

There is one short period of the June day when a northern forest loses its wild, stern character. It is when the long twilight of the summer evenings passes through the beautiful modifications of the after-glow. The setting of the sun is followed by the usual grayish light, but instead of fading gradually into darkness the western sky for a space of ninety degrees on the horizon, and to a height of fifteen degrees or more, becomes filled with a soft yellow radiance. This lasts till 10 o'clock or later. At half-past 9 one can read easily. The light is evenly diffused, and there are no shadows. It is as mystic as moonlight, but warmer, more kindly sympathetic. The cheerfulness of day is mingled with the serenity and solemnity of night. Nature speaks of the gentle and the loving in a way that draws the heart to her insensibly, and one perceives how it comes that the inhabitants of high latitudes are so strongly attached to their homes.—F. Johnson, Jr., in Harper's Magazine.

Judge J. T. Bossier, of St. Tammany parish, La., and of the State Legislature, thus expressed his opinion to one of our representatives: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil to be very efficacious in sprains and bruises. In my opinion there is no oil or liniment equal to it."—New Orleans (La.) Times-Democrat.

A FULL BENCH.

A litigant who had been unsuccessful before a general term of the Supreme Court demanded that his case should be appealed.

"On what ground?" asked his lawyer.

"On the ground that the court was drunk."

"Drunk!" ejaculated the counsel.

"Drunk," repeated the client. "Didn't you tell me that it was a full bench?"—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE result of my use of St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism is:—I have been recommending it ever since, says the Mayor of Chicago, Hon. Carter H. Harrison, in the Chicago Times.

A MOCK CEREMONY HELD VALID.

A Maine Justice of the Peace used this ceremony at a mock wedding:

Beneath this roof in pleasant weather,
I join this man and maid together,
Let none but Him who rules the thunder
Put this man and maid asunder.

The courts held the marriage was legal, and the town had to support the wife, who was abandoned by the husband, although it set up the claim that the contract was a bogus one.

THOSE weaknesses so common to our best female population can be speedily cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

THE custom of leading marriage notices with the names of the high-contracting parties separated by a dash gives sometimes a curious combination. Among the notices in a Philadelphia paper lately were three headed, "Birch—Twiggs," "Fort—Reed" and "Price—Given."

HAVING used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for the last few days, to my gratification I find it did me a great deal of good. I had a very severe cold which I cured in a very few days. C. C. ROBERTSON, 139 Main Street, Lynchburg, Va.

THE English Gen. Douglas thinks England will live in a state of perpetual scare, as bad as if she was at war, if the channel tunnel is ever made, and warns the brave Briton against boring a hole under the sea that nature has given him for a safeguard.

His Gratitude.
11TH AND POPULAR STREETS.
ST. LOUIS, MO., March 17, 1881.
J. H. WALKER & Co.: Sirs—For twelve years I suffered from kidney troubles until your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure wrought a wonderful restoration of health.
JOHN M. WARD.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN TEXAS.

"It wasn't that!" exclaimed Mr. San-ders, indignantly. "You see I didn't say a word at all."

"How'd she find out, then?" asked one of the party.

"Why, I went home, and she asked if it was me. I told her it was. Took the chances on that, you know. Then she asked me if I'd been drinking. I told her no. And there I stopped. Never said another word."

"But you say she caught on somewhere. How was it?"

"Just a blunder I made. When I told her I hadn't drank anything she was satisfied, but when I came to get to bed I put on my overcoat instead of my night-shirt." That excited suspicion.—Texas Siftings.

"Enjoy Your Life."

Is good philosophy, but to do so you must have health. If bilious and constipated, or blood is out of order, use Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are mild, yet certain in their operation. Of all druggists.

From time immemorial hairpins have been accused of various idiosyncrasies, but never, until lately, of actual crime. This mediocre record has recently been varied in Manchester, England, where a hairpin has been found guilty of murder in the first degree. A woman lay down upon her bed to sleep, and presently awoke a corpse, to all intents and purposes, for she lived only a few moments. An examination showed that a hairpin had been driven more than two inches into her brain.

If you experience bad taste in mouth, sallowness or yellow color of skin, feel stupid and drowsy, appetite unsteady, frequent headache or dizziness, you are "bilious," and nothing will arouse your liver to action and strengthen your system equal to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

DR. HAMPILL paused somewhat about "tenthly" in his sermon, and said: "We would all be glad if that young man in the vestibule that came inside and satisfy himself that she is, or is not, here. That would be much better than keeping a half-inch draught on the occupants of the back pew." And, in the solemn silence that followed, the congregation could hear a sound outside as of the retreat of an army with banners.

A Bonanza Mine
Of health is to be found in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," to the merits of which as a remedy for female weakness and kindred affections thousands testify.

A BLOODY DUEL.

Two young Hungarian noblemen, having quarreled, chose seconds to arrange a duel. The seconds met and decided upon the following method of combat: Two tiny spheres, one white the other black, were placed in a wine glass, and the principals, having been blindfolded, were asked to draw. Both the would-be combatants, it should be observed, had pledged their honor to observe the conditions of strife prescribed by their seconds in common. He to whose lot the black ball fell found himself, to his infinite surprise and discomfiture, condemned to fast upon bread and water for a whole fortnight, under the supervision of his adversary's "friends." He redeemed his pledge and preserved his "honor."

Men and women that pursue sedentary occupations need to take Kidney-Wort.

THE meekest may subdue the strongest foe, if he will keep his place and do his duty.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to any person afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vigor and manhood. Address as above without delay.

P. S.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

For dyspepsia, indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms; also as a preventative against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the Ferro-Phosphated Elixir of Calceola, made by Cassell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

Cataract of the Bladder.

Stinging irritation, inflammation and all Kidney and Urinary Complaints cured by "Bich-pains." \$1. Druggists. Send for pamphlet to E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

THE FRAZER AXLE Grease received medals at the Centennial, North Carolina State Fair, Paris Exposition, American Institute, New York, and others.

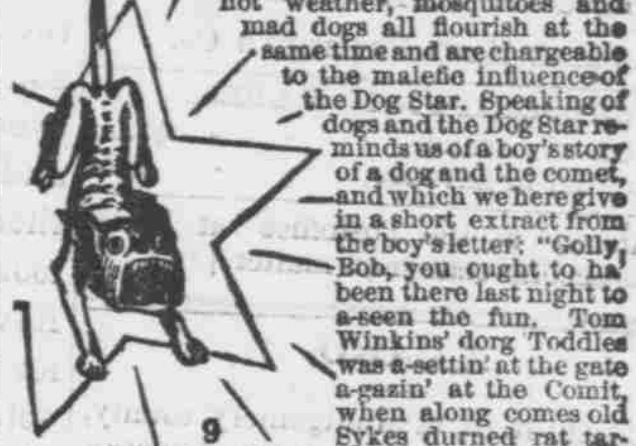
Tax the new brand Spring Tobacco.

DR. BULL'S
COUGH
SYRUP

MAKE HENS LAY.
An English Veterinary surgeon and chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Hens and Cattle Feeders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Just one teaspoonful to one pint of food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 50 cents. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Banger, Me.
\$30 Per Week can be made in any locality.
Something entirely new for agents. \$50 out from E. W. INGRAM & Co., Boston, Mass.
Horse Shoe Crackers Original; best seller out. Ask your grocer for them. A. L. BAUMAN, Dayton, O.
\$66 free. Add E. H. HALL & Co., Portland, Me.

TORMENT, INDEED.

Life's vexations do not generally come on one like a storm descending the mountain or like a whirlwind; they come as the rain does in some sections of the world—gently, but every day. One of life's discomforts is presented here in a cartoon.



According to popular impression, hot weather, mosquitoes and mud do not always come at the same time, and are chargeable to the malefic influence of the Dog Star. Speaking of the Dog Star, the following is a short extract from the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have seen the fun, Tom Winkler dog Toddlers were sitting at the gate a-gazin' at the Comet, when along comes old Styler dressed in a tuxedo, and the fence and the 2 fought. The tuxedo proved too much for Toddlers, and afore they could haul him off the gate ground he had made a good square meal off his hide. Tom was in despair. A kind looking gentleman in a broad brim hat told him to get a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and rub him with it, and it would cure him in no time. What does Tom do but steal into the chapel at Vesper time and slide into Father Jacobs' confessional box and beg of him a bottle of oil with which to rub his dog. The Father felt of Tom's head; it was hot as a fever, and after a prayer, two men were loggin' him home followed by a great crowd, who kept at a safe distance, thinking he had been bit by a mad dog. The more he kicked and screamed to be let free, the tighter they held on to him." In reference to another torment, the Chicago Western Catholic recently wrote: "Mr. Joel D. Harvey, U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue, of this city has spent over two thousand dollars on medicine for his wife, who was suffering dreadfully from rheumatism, and without deriving any benefit whatever; yet two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, accomplished what the most skillful medical men failed in doing. We could give the names of hundreds who have been cured by this wonderful remedy did space permit us. The latest man who has been made happy through the use of this valuable liniment is Mr. James A. Conlan, Librarian of the Union Catholic Library of this city. The following is Mr. Conlan's endorsement:

UNION CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,
204 Jackson St.,
Chicago, Sept. 16, 1880.
I wish to add my testimony to the merits of St. Jacobs Oil as a cure for rheumatism. One bottle has cured me of this troublesome disease, which gave me a great deal of bother for a long time; but, thanks to the remedy, I am cured. This statement is unsolicited by any one in its interest.
Very respectfully,
JAMES A. CONLAN, Librarian.

MINNESOTA
CHIEF

Wonderfully simple and perfect in its throbbing and separating qualities. Saves ALL the Grain and cleans it ready for Market. Economically constructed, durable, and easily repaired. Simple, safe, and most economical and SATISFACTORY MACHINE NOW BEST. MADE. It will handle wet grain as well as dry. It has no THRESHING FLAX and timothy, cleans and threshes both as well as wheat; requires no extra work except the sieving. Has more square feet of separating and cleaning surface than any other machine; can not be overloaded. It is both over and under blast. Our CLOVER HULLING ATTACHMENT (new and very desirable) SEPARATES the various sizes fitted for Steam or Horse Power. (E. WARD, the PITTS and the WOODBURY Horse-Powers, as made by us, are unequalled.)



We also make the STILLWATER No. 12 and MINNESOTA GIANT PASTURE MACHINES, each having return-drum, and fitted for burning straw, wood or coal. These Engines are made and finished in the most perfect manner. TRACTION ATTACHMENTS can be furnished with any of them. For Price-List and Circulars, address

SEYMOUR, SABIN & CO.
Manufacturers, Stillwater, Minn.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Pure Blood makes New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take one pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks must be restored to sound health and a thing he possibly. Sold everywhere or sent by mail for 12 boxes stamped. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Banger, Me.

OPIMUM

\$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—80 best selling articles in the world. Address Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER.

25c. package makes 50 gallons of a pure, refreshing beverage. Ask your druggist, or sent by mail for 25c. C. E. HIRSH, 48 N. Duane, Ave., Philadelphia.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD

Embracing full and authentic accounts of every nation of ancient and modern times, and including a history of the rise and fall of the great empires, the middle ages, the crusades, the feudal system, the reformation, the discovery and settlement of the New World, etc., etc.

It contains 672 full historical engravings, and is the most complete history of the Western world published. Send for specimen pages and extra terms to Agents.

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